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The New Patriotism.

BY HELEN ARCHIBALD CLARKE.

In the memorial services at Tremont Temple, Boston, this year, there was an atmosphere of strange beauty and pathos. There seemed to be set vibrating in one's nature undertones which, in this workaday world, are for the most part silent. The note that was sounded for many was one of poignant personal memories. But to others of the later generation, and especially to the school children, the civil war whose heroes are so universally remembered on this day stands chiefly as the symbol of the great principle of liberty.

Many school children were present, and the orators of the day, with a view to inculcating a spirit of patriotism, made frequent direct appeals to them. It is a serious question, however, whether these appeals were calculated to arouse in them that larger view of patriotism which a developing social conscience demands. There certainly were many dissonant notes that vibrated harshly against the beauty and the pathos of the scene.

When we hear lauded the glories of what we of the North accomplished for our nation, we no longer rest in self-satisfied contentment over our deeds. We think of terrible evils which also grew out of these deeds. We may pride ourselves upon having made our country one in which all men are free. But we no longer forget that the same men who were freed were plunged into a struggle for existence for which they were little fitted. In that struggle how many have died by the way, and how many more have degenerated to depths of evil too terrible to think of, while upon this evil other evil has flourished.

Above all, when we hear talk about our "foe" and the brave deeds done in his despite, we remember those of the South whom we ruined utterly,—young men, perhaps, joyous and ambitious like the young men of the North. For them all outlook in life was ruthlessly extinguished,—homes burned, fortunes confiscated, abilities left to rot for want of proper training, their whole lives stultified because of the change in their conditions. It is the living wrecks, not the dead, that make the worst horrors of war.

Yes! it behooves us to remember that we did much evil as well as good, and to learn from the lessons of the past how in the future good may be done with less accompaniment of evil.

Thus it happened that, mingled with the appreciation of our own heroes who died in the cause, and to whose memories such dignified and reverent tribute was paid, was a feeling of dissatisfaction that the tendency of such meetings should be so much in the direction of fostering a warlike and egotistical species of patriotism.

Beautiful in the extreme were the decorations. Festoons of bunting, relieved at intervals by banners and flags, completely sheathed the balustrades of the balconies. The panels of the upper balconies were also hidden by flags. From the center of the roof hung long festoons of red, white and blue, which were caught up at the windows on either side of the hall, making a slender, waving canopy of color. Down amid these bright festoons fell the electric lights like falling stars. Floral emblems decorated the stage; the organ was

fine; there was good singing; and not the smallest part of the effect came from the waving in the balconies of innumerable small flags in accompaniment to the patriotic songs.

Reverently one and then another of the veterans present laid their tribute of flowers symbolically upon the graves of their dead comrades. It seemed as if war and hatred and death had been transmuted into the permanently lovely. Flags were no longer the symbol of war; they had become the symbol of peace, and graves had become the blossoming place of flowers of love,—but yet there kept recurring to me a little incident, perhaps trivial, which once happened when a party of the most loyal of Americans took an outing on Memorial Day in Concord—an outing, be it said, in memory of the birthday (May 31) of Walt Whitman.

As the friends passed the graves of the English soldiers buried there, they all with almost a single impulse threw such flowers as they had upon these graves. "Trivial," you may say; but such an impulse stands for the larger patriotism which we as a nation ought to begin to recognize and to instil into our children—the patriotism that puts ethical ideas ahead of material splendor, and merciful methods of upholding them ahead of a fighting heroism.

What a tremendous step in the right direction it would be if, instead of a few feeble references to the fact that the feeling between the North and the South is dying out, memorial services could become no longer reminiscent, but forward-looking! Let them be celebrations in honor of peaceful methods of settling either internal or international difficulties. Let bragging about what "we did" for the nation be laid aside. Let the veterans of the old war come forward, and with the same reverence that they lay flowers upon the graves of their comrades, lay flowers upon the graves of the enemy, in token that the war spirit is buried.

Meetings of this sort would be an instructive symbol to the children that hereafter we shall endeavor to have so reverent a feeling for the humanity of those who differ from us, that, instead of marching forth to do battle against them in an egotistical spirit of heroism, we shall confer with them and ask the help of others in the conference, if haply we may find an honorable and noble settlement of the differences, in keeping with the true dignity of the human race—the "heir of hopes too fair to turn out false."

So Memorial Day would combine in a certain sense the spirit of Good Friday with the spirit of Easter Sunday. Sorrow for the heroes who died bravely in a cause won through an ideal of patriotism that is dying, and joy at the dawning of the new ideal of patriotism, brought practically within reach by the Hague Conference, would each find their place, and through the cultivation of this larger sentiment the train would be laid for the realization of that large-hearted, self-reliant America, prophetically foreshadowed by Whitman in his "Song of the Universal:—"

"And thou, America,
For the scheme's culmination, its thought and
its reality,
.

Thou, too, surroundest all,
 "Embracing, carrying, welcoming all, thou, too,
 by pathways broad and new,
 To the ideal tendest.

"The measured faiths of other lands, the grandeurs
 of the past,
 Are not for thee, but grandeurs of thine own,
 Deific faiths and amplitudes, absorbing, com-
 prehending all,
 All eligible to all.

"Give me, O God, to sing that thought,
 Belief in plan of Thee enclosed in time and
 space,
 Health, peace, salvation universal."

Peace as Involved in the Christian Method.

The scientists of the century have been forcing us to realize that nature's method is ruthless competition. She gives success to the strong and extermination to the weak. Her realm is an endless battlefield—a fierce struggle for existence, where the weak fatten the strong, and the unfit are mercilessly sacrificed to the fit. Every step of the slow advance from the lower forms of life has been marked by the crushing out of the helpless and the survival of the strong and physically fit. "Red in tooth and claw," nature proclaims that strength, power, force, might, fitness to survive are the only qualities for which she cares. Few have any conception of the awful slaughter which goes on day by day beneath the peaceful waters of the sea. Here everything lives on something else, and in the act of seizing its prey it is dodging its own foe. There is no corner of the ocean which is not a veritable Indian jungle where each lives on the life of another.

This law of the jungle—this merciless method of nature—everywhere marks primitive man. Anthropology, archæology, ancient history, all tell the same tale,—everywhere tribe at war with tribe,—man arming himself against his enemy. The very divisions of the earth have been made with an eye to protection and defence. But the little new-born child comes with an even surer record of this age-long warfare than any which the monuments of Assyria or the ruins of Karnak give us. His hereditary instincts are the deepest scars of these centuries of strife and survival of the strong. The primitive instincts are fear and anger, followed by the hardly *less* primitive instinct—love of power. They are egoistic, self-seeking instincts. They are in the very structure of the race, and they have their roots deep in an immemorial past, when human life meant struggle for existence and survival by the law of might. Nature's whole concern is to produce a physical being with a fitness to survive in a competitive struggle for existence.

Now Christianity reverses this whole idea. Christ introduces a type of life which advances on precisely the opposite principle. He declares that in the kingdom where he rules a selfish struggle for existence carries with it extinction,—“He that seeks to save his life shall lose it,”—and its very method of advance is the propagation of love which forgets self in the effort to bless others.

The true way to study the peace idea at the heart of Christianity is not to make a collection of peace texts, but to develop the Christian view of man and society, and to see whether any place is left here for war and strife. Our question therefore must be, What does Christ's conception of man and society involve? What lies prophetic in his revelation of man? Nothing is surer than that he thinks of man—any man—as a potential son of God. He sets forth his new conception and calls men to it, in order, he says, “that ye may be the children of your Father in Heaven.” His new commandment is “That *you* love even as *I* have loved.” His “Follow me” is no mere call to walk over the same Syrian roads behind him, but a call to the same altitude of life and an invitation into a brotherhood which has its origin in a Divine Fatherhood. The characteristic feature of the Son of Man is his devotion to the business of saving and perfecting others—his struggle for the life of others. To give, to share, and to transmit what he has received is his unflinching purpose. To win by defeating others is as unthinkable a course for him as it would be for the tiger to win his prey by methods of persuasion. He reverses the whole process of advance. Victories are to be won by the inherent power of light and truth and love, and, if they cannot be won that way, then they are not to be won at all. Men are to be drawn to God on the simple ground alone that he loves them; and then, in their efforts to overcome a world organized on the principle of the power of the strongest, they are to make their appeal solely to the invincible power of love and truth. There can be no mistaking the fact that this was his method. There can be as little doubt that he bequeathed this method to his followers.

I shall not now ask whether such a method is practicable in a world like ours or not, though one can say that so far it has had no adequate trial. But I shall consider the question, which is of some interest, namely, Why is the law of competition reversed by Christianity? Why do we here go over from the law of struggle for existence to the method of love and sacrifice for others? The first reason is that humanity found a new goal in Christ, which could be attained only by some new method. So long as the goal is the attainment of material goods, there must be a sharp competition. The supply of good things is limited, and whatever one gets diminishes what the rest can have. The demand exceeds the supply. The struggle, from the nature of the case, becomes a keen one. The whole breed of selfish passions are pushed to the front. It is for the vital interests of the stronger to put down the weak, and, by a certain natural selection, those who can fight best survive and produce a race like themselves. But the moment the goal becomes the possession of some spiritual quality, the supply of it exceeds the demand! The more of it one gets, the more of it there is for others. It increases in proportion as it is possessed. When one man rises to the height of a new idea, the whole world is richer for it forever, and all souls feed on it. When one soul sees some new beauty and learns how to share it, he has made it at once the common possession of the race. When some one individual puts his life into an heroic deed, *that* becomes a universal legacy. If it be